

LITTLE AL

No. 3 10c  
WINTER

# LITTLE AL OF THE SECRET SERVICE

AHC



The Story of the  
Shocking Night  
**OPERATION  
EMPIRE STATE**



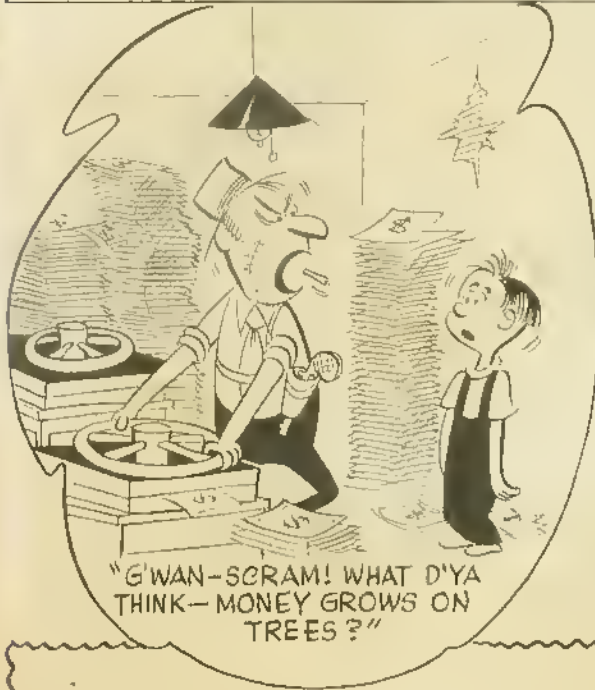
**Gypsy Intrigue**  
**CLEAR AS CRYSTAL**

**Little Al Behind The Iron Curtain**  
**TIMKO'S WOLFHOUSES**



WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

# COUNTERFEIT CAPERS



"G'WAN-SCRAM! WHAT D'YA THINK—MONEY GROWS ON TREES?"



"OK, MUGGSY, I'M ALMOST FINISHED! NOW PUT ON YOUR BEARD AND GET INTO THE LINCOLN CLOTHES FOR THE FIVES!"



"YEAH? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED?"



"DON'T RING? WHAT D'YA WANT FOR TWO-BITS-CHIMES?"

COPYRIGHT 1951 BY APPROVED COMICS, INC.  
COPYRIGHT UNDER INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTION  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

LITTLE AL OF THE SECRET SERVICE, Vol. 1, No. 3, WINTER 1951, published quarterly by Approved Comics, Inc., 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Executive and Editorial Office, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Application for second class entry pending at Post Office, Chicago, Ill. Single copies, 10¢. Subscription rates: In the U. S., Canada, Mexico, South and Central America and U. S. Possessions \$1.20 for 12 issues, in all other countries \$2.20 for 12 issues. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. The Publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

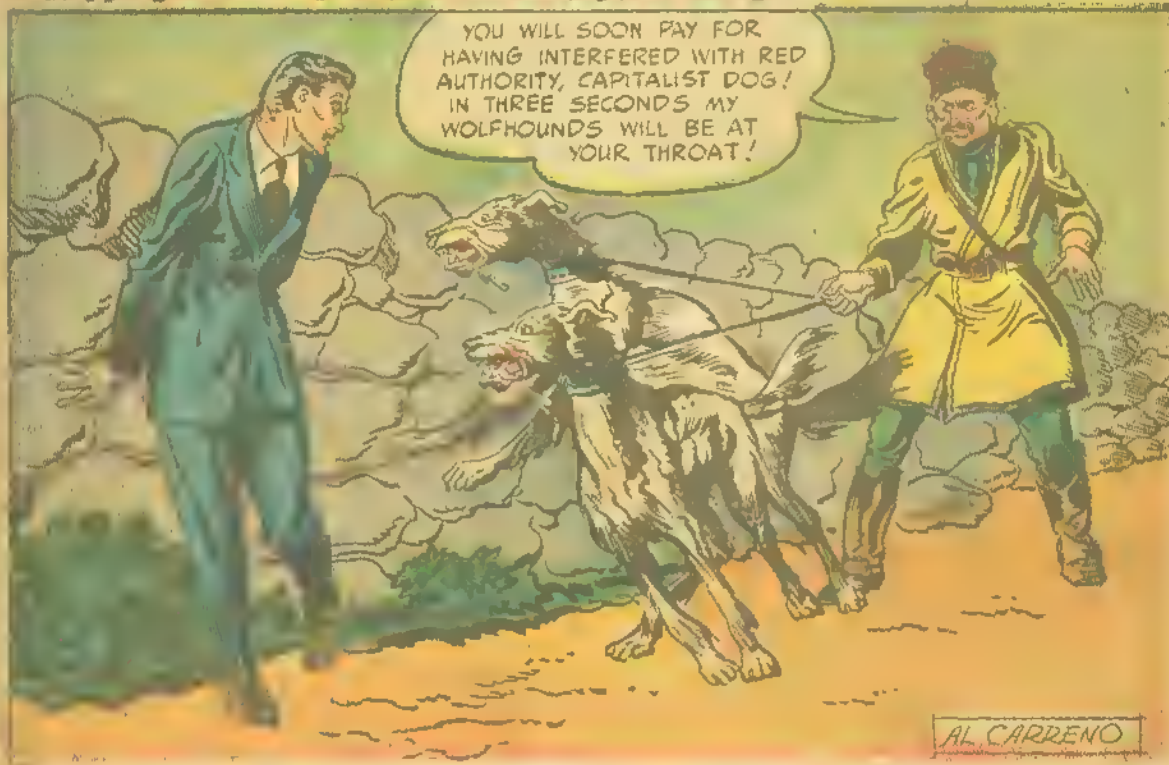
PRINTED IN U. S. A.

# LITTLE AL

## OF THE SECRET SERVICE

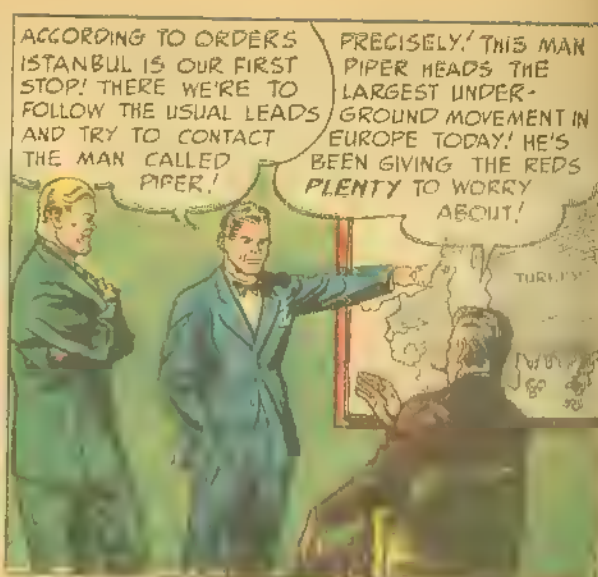
### in **TIMKO'S WOLFHOOUNDS!**

AGAINST THE DEADLY SHADOWS OF UNDECLARED WAR, WITH RESISTANCE MOUNTING STEADILY AGAINST THE RED AGGRESSORS, AMERICAN CRACK SECRET SERVICE AGENT, **LITTLE AL**, ENTERS A WORLD WHERE INTRIGUE, VIOLENCE AND MURDER ARE THE ORDERS OF THE DAY. MUSTERING ALL OF HIS COURAGE AND QUICK WIT, THE INTREPID AGENT FACES HIS GREATEST ANTAGONIST WHEN HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH... **TIMKO'S WOLFHOOUNDS!**



**Called in by their chief at secret service head-quarters, Little Al and his side-kick, Ox Collins, receive final instructions on their new assignment...**



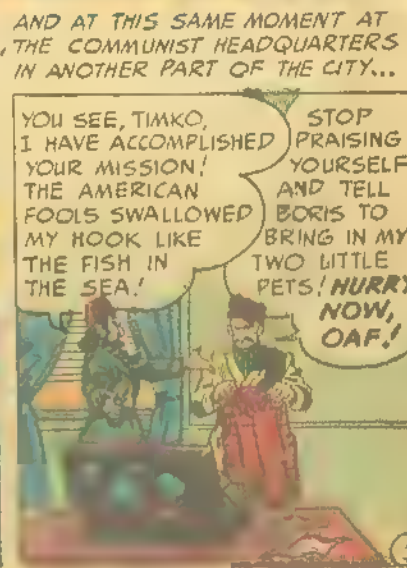
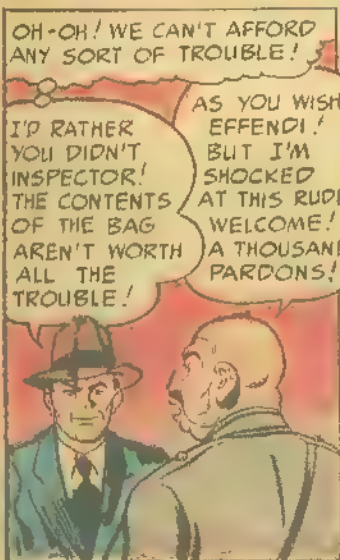


**A** WEEK LATER A HUGE TRANSPORT LANDS AT THE ISTANBUL AIRPORT, AND SOON THE TWO AGENTS ARE SURROUNDED BY A HOWLING MOB OF TURKISH PORTERS...





A SHORT WHILE LATER, AS AL COMPLETES HIS BUSINESS WITH THE CUSTOM POLICE...



MOMENTS LATER, THE ROOM ECHOES WITH THE BRUTISH HOWLS OF TWO HUGE WOLFHOUNDS...

AHA, MY LITTLE BEAUTIES! COME HERE TO TIMKO! I HAVE A MOST WONDERFUL SURPRISE FOR YOU!



DO YOU SEE, RAFIK? THE SCENT DRIVES THEM WILD WITH FURY! MY LITTLE ONES ARE WELL TRAINED! THEY HATE THE AMERICANS ALMOST AS MUCH AS WE DO!

IT WOULD PLEASE ME MORE IF IT WERE THEIR THROATS INSTEAD OF THEIR SHIRTS!



WE SHALL HAVE THEIR THROATS, TOO! THESE NEW ONES SHALL FAIL JUST AS THE OTHERS DID BEFORE THEM! THEIR MISSION WILL END ONLY IN DEATH!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER IN A SMALL CAFE...

WE'VE BEEN AT THIS JOINT THREE NIGHTS RUNNING, AL! WHEN DO WE CALL IT QUITS?

WE DON'T, OK! OUR INTELLIGENCE REPORT SAYS THAT THE MAN CALLED PIPER USES THIS RESTAURANT FOR A CONTACT POINT WHEN HE SLIPS OUT OF RED-OCCUPIED COUNTRIES!



THE FACT THAT WE'VE BEEN SITTING AT THIS TABLE EACH NIGHT, AND ORDERING THE SAME DRINK IS NO ACCIDENT! IT'S A TIP-OFF, TO THE RIGHT PARTY THAT WE'RE ON THEIR SIDE!

EASY, AL - HERE COMES THE WAITRESS!



FOR THREE DAYS NOW YOU DRINK NOTHING BUT TOKAY WINE! IS THERE NO OTHER WINE YOU WOULD LIKE?

WE DRINK TOKAY BECAUSE IT REMINDS US OF OUR FRIENDS ACROSS THE BORDER, AND OF THE OLD DAYS WHEN THEY WERE FREE MEN!

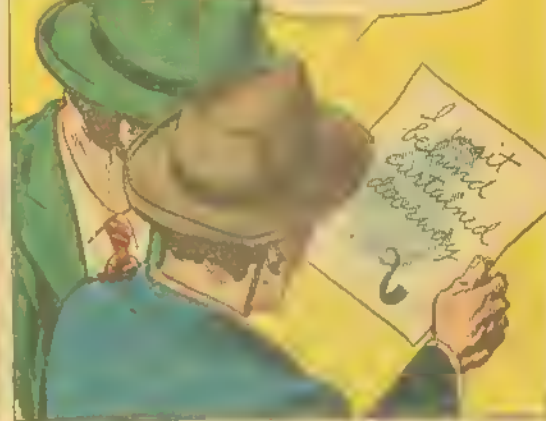


I SEE THAT YOU ARE REAL FRIENDS! THERE IS A NOTE UNDER THE TRAY — DO NOT READ IT UNTIL I HAVE LEFT THE ROOM!



MINUTES LATER, AL AND OX ANXIOUSLY SCAN THE SLIP OF PAPER...

LOOK! A DRAWING OF A PIPE INSTEAD OF A SIGNATURE! IT COULD STAND FOR "PIPER!"



I'LL GO FIRST! YOU FOLLOW IN THREE MINUTES! WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT TOO MUCH ATTENTION!

RIGHT, AL! GO AHEAD! GOOD LUCK!



TAKING SLOW STEPS ACROSS THE ROOM, LITTLE AL REACHES THE CURTAINED DOORWAY, AND...

COME IN, PLEASE AND DRAW THE CURTAINS! QUICKLY!



THE NET IS FULL OF FISH, MAXIM! TAKE THIS FOOL OUT THE BACK WAY AND INTO THE TRUCK WITH THE OTHER ONE! WE LEAVE FOR OUR OWN TERRITORY AT ONCE!



AS DAWN APPROACHES, THE SPEEDING TRUCK ROLLS ACROSS THE RED FRONTIER...



WHERE AM I?

YOU ARE CROSSING TO RED SOIL! THE SIMPLETON BESIDE YOU IS THE MAN CALLED PIPER — THE ONE YOU WERE SO ANXIOUS TO MEET! AREN'T YOU PLEASED THAT I ARRANGED FOR YOUR MEETING?

THIS STUPID FOOL AND HIS PUNY UNDERGROUND, THOUGHT THEY COULD OUTWIT ME FOREVER! HE'LL SOON LEARN THAT COMMUNIST ESPIONAGE IS SUPERIOR TO CAPITALIST BLUNDERING!



WHY, YOU DIRTY —

THUD!

SILENCE, IDIOT! YOU ARE MY PRISONER AND BEYOND HELP! EVEN YOUR FELLOW AGENT IN THE CAFE HAS BEEN LIQUIDATED! TIMKO DOESN'T MISS A SINGLE DETAIL — NOT A BAG OF LAUNDRY!



STEALING ALWAYS DID COME EASY TO YOU GUYS!

BUT ALWAYS WITH A METHOD! THE SCENT OF AN OLD SHIRT WAS ALL MY HOUNDS NEEDED TO TRAIL YOU TO THE CAFE! THEY WERE ANNOYED BECAUSE I DID NOT LET THEM CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL — BUT I SHALL NOT DISAPPOINT THEM TOO LONG!



YOU STEPPED RIGHT INTO IT, TIMKO! C'MON, PIPER, LET'S HIT THE ROAD!



THUD!

AFTER THEM! THEY MUSTN'T GET AWAY!



BANG!

BANG!

MINUTES LATER...

WE'VE SHAKEN THEM OFF-- BUT WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY! FORTUNATELY, THERE'S A FARMER NEARBY WHO IS FRIENDLY TO THE UNDERGROUND! WE CAN HIDE THERE FOR A LITTLE WHILE!



STAYING CLOSE TO COVER, THE PAIR FINALLY REACH THE FARMHOUSE. SOME TIME LATER...

I HAVE WRITTEN IT ALL DOWN, MY FRIEND! THIS INFORMATION TELLS YOU THE SIZE OF OUR FORCES, AS WELL AS OUR NEEDS IN ORDER TO CONTINUE OUR FIGHT AGAINST THE RED INVADERS!

YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU NEED, PIPER! THE FREE WORLD STANDS BEHIND YOUR CAUSE!



PIPER! TIMKO IS HERE! WE ARE LOST!



IVAN, TAKE THE DOGS TO THE BACK AND SEARCH THE BARN! THEY MIGHT BE HIDING THERE! I'LL SPEAK TO THE FARMER!

I GO, COMRADE!



MOMENTS LATER...

BUT I HAVE SEEN NO ONE, COMRADE TIMKO - NO ONE!

YOU LIE, DOG! I KILL YOU FOR LYING TO TIMKO!!



THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU!



TIMKO'S UNIFORM AND THE CAR OUTSIDE COULD HELP US SCOOT RIGHT ACROSS THE BORDER! I'M GOING TO CHANGE CLOTHES WITH HIM!

GOOD IDEA! I'LL KEEP GUARD OUTSIDE! THE ONE IN THE BARN WILL BE COMING BACK SHORTLY!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...



LOOK, YOU FOOL! MY HOUNDS HAVE PICKED UP YOUR SCENT! THEY'LL TEAR YOU TO SHREDS! COME, MY BEAUTIES—  
**HURRY!**



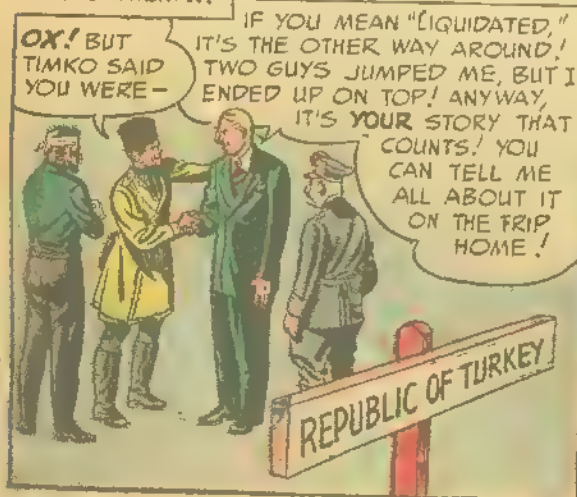
KILL, MY LITTLE ONES! KILL THE HATED ENEMY! RIP OUT HIS—  
**NO!! NO!!**



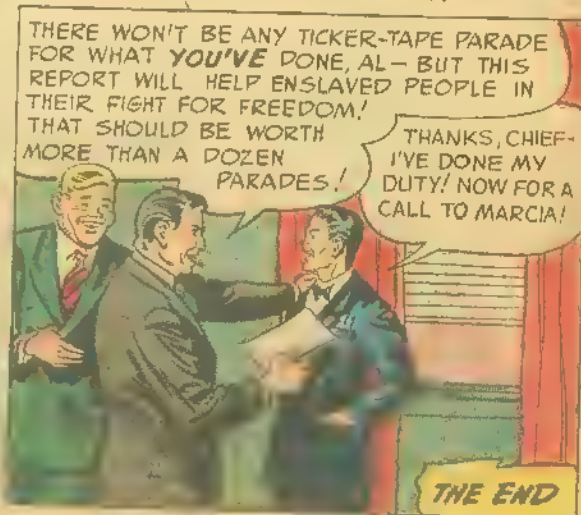
MOMENTS LATER, THE SNARLING BRUTES SLUMP INTO DEATH AS PIPER'S BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK...



UNMOLESTED, THE PAIR SPEEDS BACK TO THE TURKISH BORDER WHERE A HAPPY GROUP AWAITS THEM...



TEN DAYS LATER, WHEN LITTLE AL HANDS IN HIS REPORT TO HIS CHIEF...



# LITTLE AL

## OF THE SECRET SERVICE



WITH A MON-  
STROUS SPY RING  
DETERMINED TO  
STEAL OUR COUN-  
TRY'S MOST SE-  
CRET WEAPON, THE  
SECRET SERVICE  
ASSIGNS ITS ACE  
OPERATORS, LITTLE  
AL AND HIS SIDE-  
KICK, OX COLLINS  
TO THE CASE.  
IMMEDIATELY  
THE INTREPID  
PAIR PLUNGE  
FEARLESSLY INTO  
A WEIRD MAZE,  
WHERE BAFFLING  
CLUES AND SUD-  
DEN DEATH STALK  
THEIR FOOTSTEPS!  
OUR SCENE IS A  
DARK STREET IN AN  
EASTERN CITY. WE  
SEE THE TWO OPERA-  
TORS TRAILING A  
SUSPECT...

MAXON'S HEADING FOR THAT  
RESTAURANT, AL! LET'S  
GET 'IM NOW!

NOT YET, OX!  
BE PATIENT!

RESTAURANT

AL CHERRINO

I DON'T GET IT, AL! MAXON  
HOLDS DOWN A CLERK'S JOB  
IN WASHINGTON, AND WE LET  
HIM SNEAK OUT ALL THE  
INFO HE CAN LAY HIS  
DIRTY HANDS ON!  
WHY?

BECAUSE WE  
WANT HIM TO  
LEAD US TO  
THE BRAINS  
BEHIND THIS RING!  
BESIDES, THE INFO HE'S  
BEEN STEALING LATELY  
IS FAKE. ONLY MAXON  
DOESN'T KNOW IT!

WE KNOW THE SPY RING IS AFTER THE ARMY'S  
NEW ATOMIC ARTILLERY SHELL! WE ALSO  
KNOW THAT MAXON'S BEEN PASSING INFO  
ALONG--BUT HOW HE DOES IT AND TO WHOM  
HE PASSES IT, IS  
WHAT WE'VE GOT  
TO FIND OUT!

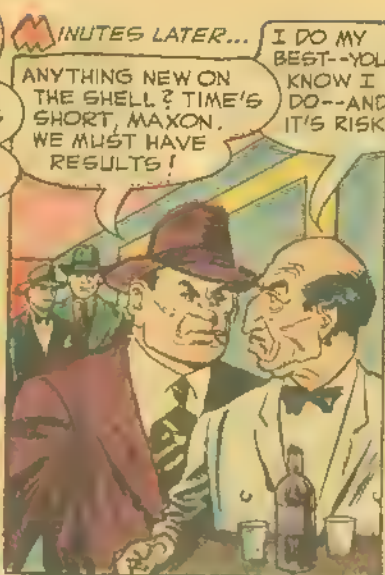
C'MON, AL--LET'S GIVE  
THAT JOINT A GOING  
OVER!





AL--THAT  
WAITER!  
IT'S MAXON!

YOU'RE RIGHT, OX!  
IF HE WORKS  
HERE IN HIS  
SPARE TIME IT  
AIN'T FOR TIPS! THERE'S  
A TIE-UP HERE--AND  
I'D GIVE MY RIGHT ARM  
TO KNOW WHAT IT IS!



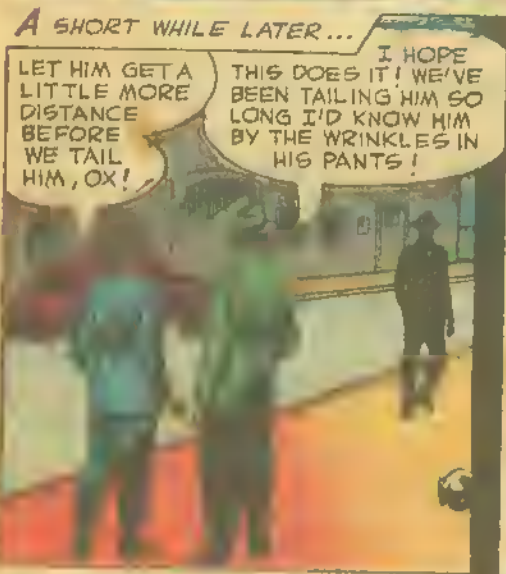
MINUTES LATER...  
ANYTHING NEW ON  
THE SHELL? TIME'S  
SHORT, MAXON.  
WE MUST HAVE  
RESULTS!

I DO MY  
BEST--YOU  
KNOW I  
DO--AND  
IT'S RISKY!



WE DON'T WANT EXCUSES--  
ONLY **RESULTS**! REMEMBER,  
YOU WERE PLACED IN WASH-  
INGTON FOR A DEFINITE  
PURPOSE! NOW TAKE WHAT  
YOU HAVE TO THE **USUAL**  
**PLACE**! THEY'LL DECIDE  
ON ITS VALUE!

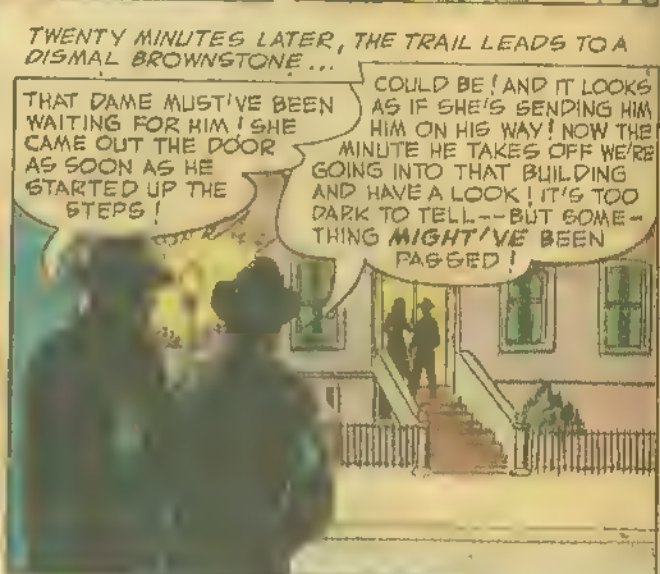
OKAY, MOYA!  
I'LL GO AT  
ONCE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

LET HIM GET A  
LITTLE MORE  
DISTANCE  
BEFORE  
WE TAIL  
HIM, OX!

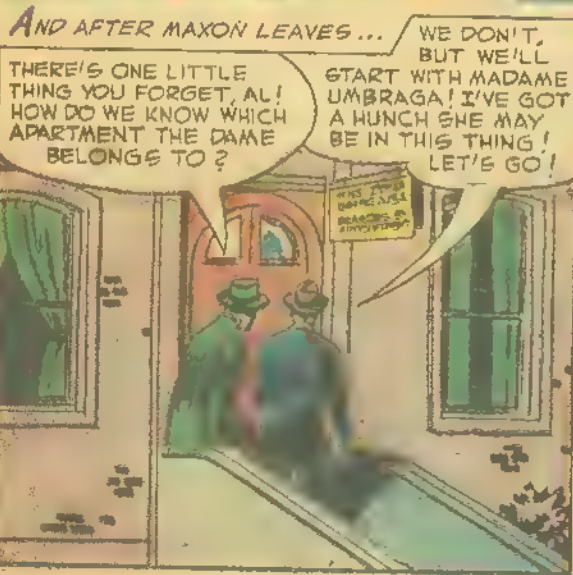
I HOPE  
THIS DOES IT! WE'VE  
BEEN TAILING HIM SO  
LONG I'D KNOW HIM  
BY THE WRINKLES IN  
HIS PANTS!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THE TRAIL LEADS TO A  
DISMAL BROWNSTONE...

THAT DAME MUST'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR HIM! SHE  
CAME OUT THE DOOR  
AS SOON AS HE  
STARTED UP THE  
STEPS!

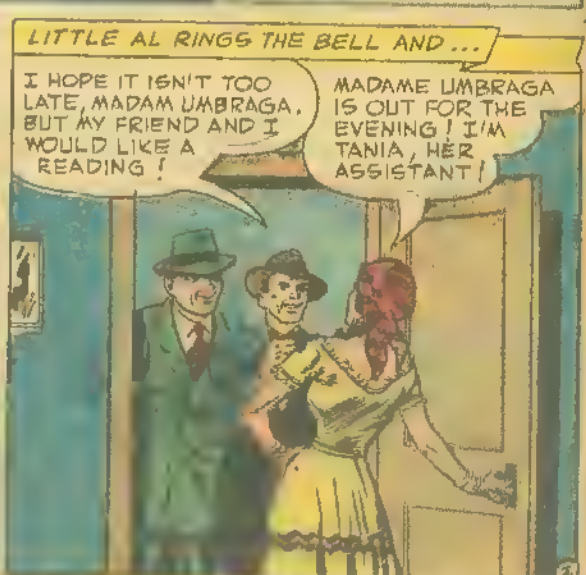
COULD BE! AND IT LOOKS  
AS IF SHE'S SENDING HIM  
HIM ON HIS WAY! NOW THE  
MINUTE HE TAKES OFF WE'RE  
GOING INTO THAT BUILDING  
AND HAVE A LOOK! IT'S TOO  
DARK TO TELL--BUT SOME-  
THING **MIGHT'VE** BEEN  
PASSED!



AND AFTER MAXON LEAVES...

THERE'S ONE LITTLE  
THING YOU FORGET, AL!  
HOW DO WE KNOW WHICH  
APARTMENT THE DAME  
BELONGS TO?

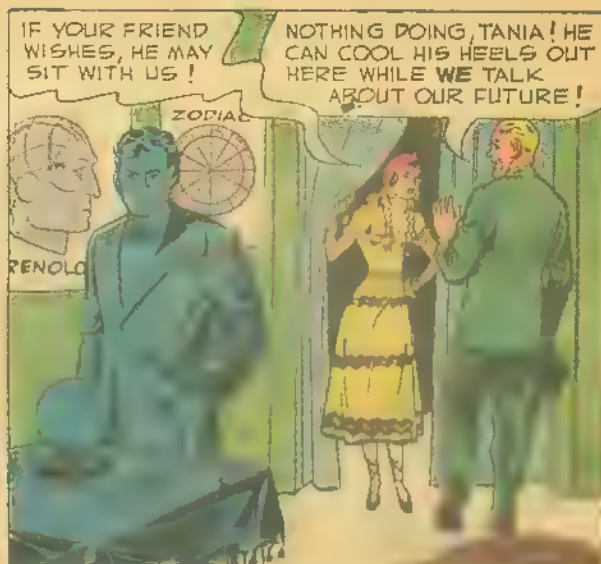
WE DON'T,  
BUT WE'LL  
START WITH MADAME  
UMBRAGA! I'VE GOT  
A HUNCH SHE MAY  
BE IN THIS THING!  
LET'S GO!



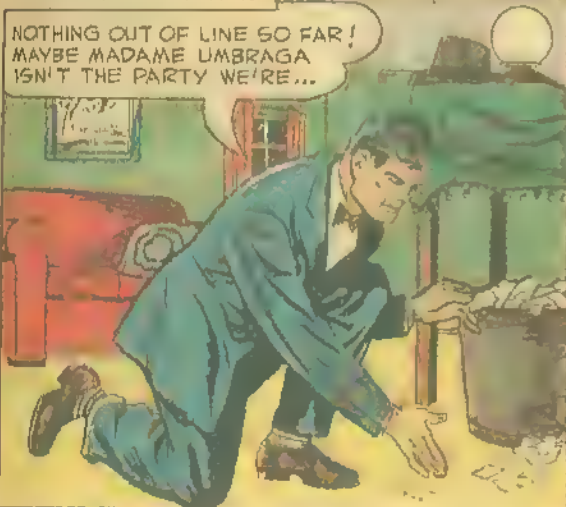
LITTLE AL RINGS THE BELL AND...

I HOPE IT ISN'T TOO  
LATE, MADAM UMBRAGA.  
BUT MY FRIEND AND I  
WOULD LIKE A  
READING!

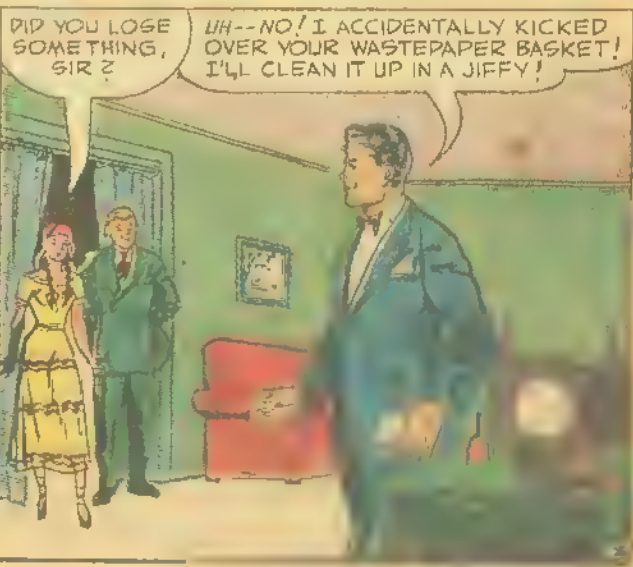
MADAME UMBRAGA  
IS OUT FOR THE  
EVENING! I'M  
TANIA, HER  
ASSISTANT!



ALONE IN THE WAITING ROOM, AL MAKES A HURRIED SEARCH...



NOW, WHY WOULD MADAME UMBRAGA CUT OUT A REPORT ABOUT A BOAT'S DEPARTURE? HMM! THIS MAY BE THE FIRST REAL LEAD WE'VE RUN INTO!



I'LL DROP BY AGAIN LATER IN THE WEEK. I'D LIKE MADAME UMBRAGA'S HELP TO CONTACT A CERTAIN PARTY--A DEPARTED SPIRIT!

THAT IS MADAME'S **SPECIALTY!** YOU MAY CALL ANY MORNING AFTER TEN. GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN!

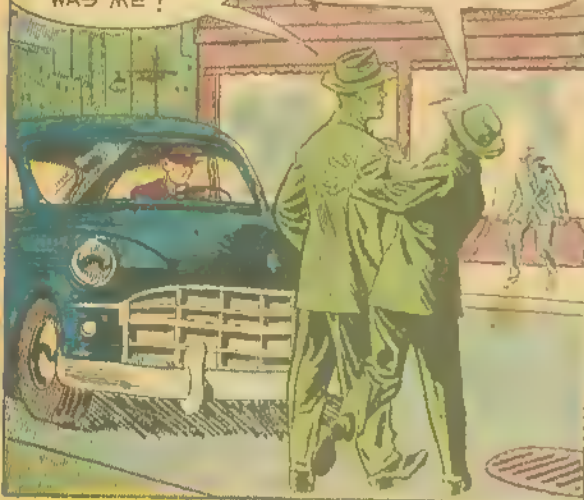
CAN YOU BEAT THAT, AL? ALL THE LITTLE DOLL COULD TELL ME WAS THAT I'M HEADIN' FOR DANGER! PRETTY NEAT, HUH?

SHE COULD BE RIGHT! I COULD KICK MYSELF FOR GETTING CAUGHT AT THE WASTEPAPER BASKET! IF SHE SUSPECTED US, IT'S GOING TO BE A LOT TOUGHER!



FORGET IT, PAL! ALL SHE COULD SEE WAS ME!

THAT'S WHAT YOU--  
**OX! GET BACK!**



OX! YOU ALL RIGHT, BUDDY?

I--I GUESS THE LITTLE DOLL WAS RIGHT--I DID RUN INTO DANGER--



A SHORT WHILE LATER WHEN AN AMBULANCE ARRIVES...

I HATE RUNNING OUT ON YOU THIS WAY, AL! ALL I NEED IS A FEW HOURS REST AND --

A FEW HOURS NOTHING! YOU'LL STAY PUT 'TILL YOU'RE OKAY!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN AL'S OFFICE...

AL, I WAS SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT OX! I HOPE I CAN HELP YOU OUT 'TILL THEY LET HIM OUT OF THE HOSPITAL! WHAT'S COOKING?

I KNOW YOU'LL DO YOUR BEST, LINDA! LISTEN CLOSELY--



THE CLIPPING I FOUND IN MADAME UMBRAGA'S APARTMENT MENTIONED AN OIL TANKER CALLED THE "VESPOLE". THE PORT AUTHORITY SAYS IT'S OFF THE JERSEY COAST--ABOUT HERE-- AND FOR REASONS UNKNOWN, IT'S JUST BEEN CRUISING AROUND!



DID YOU TRACE THE OWNERS?

YES, AND IT SMELLS FISHY! THE OWNERS ARE A EUROPEAN EXPORT OUTFIT, BUT IT'S MY GUESS THE "VESPOLE" IS A DODGE FOR THE SPY RING'S REAL ACTIVITIES!

IT ADDS UP TO ME, AL! CRUISING UP AND DOWN THE COAST, THE "VESPOLE" COULD BE GETTING INFORMATION BY WIRELESS!



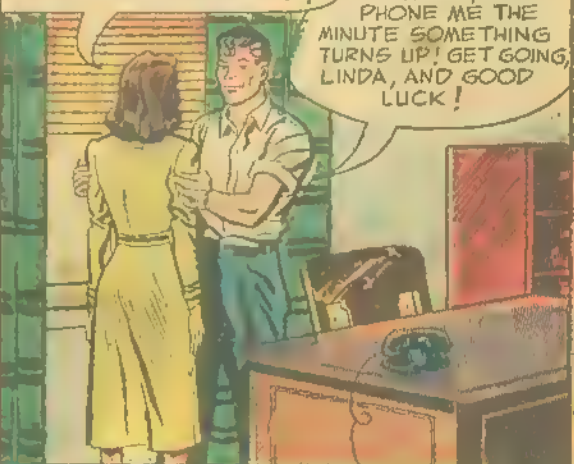
EXACTLY! THEN OUR JOB NOW IS TO LOCATE THE TRANSMITTER THAT SENDS OUT THE INFORMATION! MADAME UMBRAGA IS OUR BEST LEAD SO FAR, BUT...



HOLD IT, AL! I'VE GOT A BRAINSTORM!

SUPPOSE I TRAIL THIS TANIA GAL! AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT YOU COULDN'T RISK IT-- BUT I COULD!

GOOD IDEA! BUT DON'T TAKE ANY UNNECESSARY CHANCES, AND PHONE ME THE MINUTE SOMETHING TURNS UP! GET GOING, LINDA, AND GOOD LUCK!



BIG NEWS, AL! I TRAILED TANIA TO A PLACE CALLED THE CONTINENTAL CAFE! MADAME UMBRAGA WORKS THERE AS A FORTUNE TELLER-- AND USES THE OLD CRYSTAL BALL TECHNIQUE!

STAY PUT, KID! I'M ON MY WAY!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, LINDA PUTS THROUGH A HURRIED CALL--



SOME TIME LATER, AL ARRIVES AT THE CAFE ...

SHE GIVES THE READINGS IN A LITTLE ROOM BEHIND THOSE CURTAINS! SO FAR SHE'S HAD ONLY TWO CUSTOMERS, BUT ONE OF THEM WAS THAT PHONEY WAITER YOU AND OX WERE TRAILING!

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! YOU KEEP AN EYE OUT HERE-- I'M GOING IN TO HAVE MY FORTUNE TOLD!



I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS MEETING, MADAME UMBRAGA! YOU'VE BEEN HIGHLY RECOMMENDED!

I TELL ONLY WHAT I SEE IN THE CRYSTAL BALL! BE SEATED, PLEASE!



I SEE YOU ARE A PERSON WITH GREAT CURIOSITY, MY FRIEND, BUT A DANGEROUS ONE! SO DANGEROUS THAT DEATH TRAILS YOU BY ONLY A FEW, BRIEF MOMENTS!



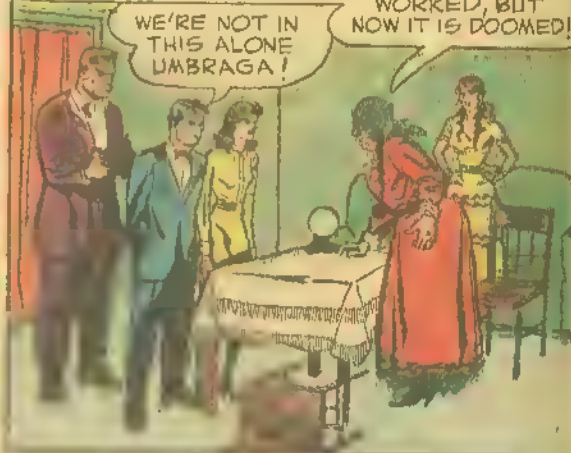
THE MEDDLING FOOL! SEE THAT THE OTHER ONE IS BROUGHT IN HERE IMMEDIATELY!!



SHORT WHILE LATER...

A PITY TANIA SPOTTED YOU ON THE WAY IN! FOR A WHILE YOUR LITTLE PLAN MIGHT HAVE WORKED, BUT NOW IT IS DOOMED!

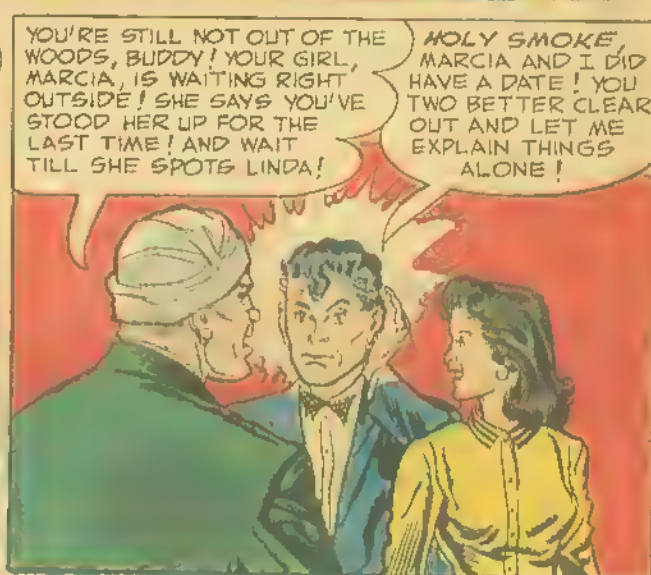
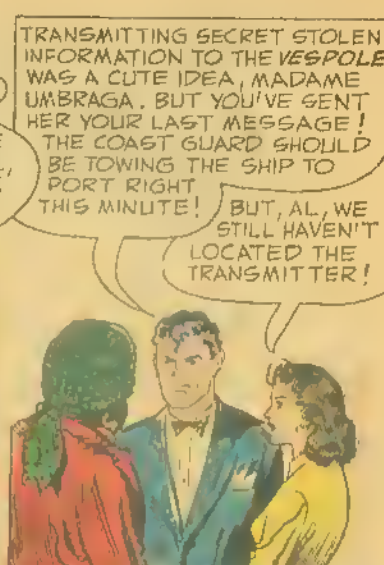
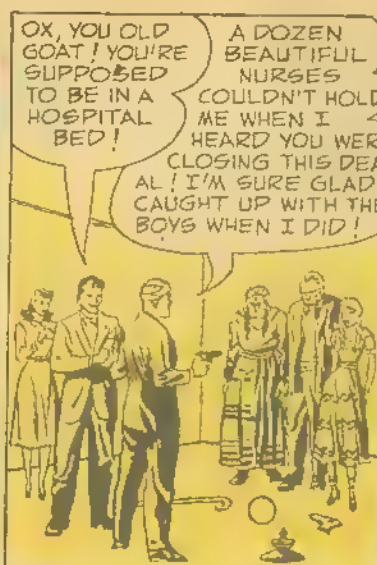
WE'RE NOT IN THIS ALONE UMBRAGA!



AL! LOOK OUT!

WHAM





## A TRUE SECRET SERVICE STORY

## THE GAUNT GUY

**T**HE CLERK assigned to tabulate the serial numbers on worn currency at the Federal Reserve Bank in Chicago did a double-take as he rifled through the stack of bills.

The serial numbers on the old, large-size five dollar bills were identical!

And to make matters worse, they contained *nine* digits instead of the regulation eight!

Now it was the head section clerk who whistled softly as he spread half a dozen samples before him. He reached for a rubber stamp and, in bold red letters, stamped "COUNTERFEIT" across the front and back. He also reached for the phone and called the Chicago office of the Secret Service.

And thus began one of the longest, most intensive manhunts ever launched against a counterfeiter in this country.

Investigators were advised by the recording clerk that the bills had come from an Indianapolis bank. Upon checking there they were gratified to come upon a teller with a good memory.

"Sure I remember this stack of bills and the guy who brought 'em in," he recalled. "He was a tall, gaunt fellow with gold-rimmed glasses and a bony face. I remember it was on a Friday afternoon and a long line of customers at my window was growling because I had to take time out to check the one worn-out fiver that he handed me. But the head teller said it was okay. Then this guy handed me a whole bagful of 'em. Naturally, they all looked alike so the rest were accepted in good faith."

Outside of the fact that the man was gaunt and that he must have been an expert to pull such a job in a bank, the Secret Service sleuths had no other clue to follow that memorable afternoon of October 21, 1938.

Almost immediately the bills were rushed to Washington for laboratory study by the experts of the Treasury's Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and were subjected to exhaustive tests.

The slight irregularities in the highly professional job — six extra shading lines in the upper portion of the "5", a missing white dot in a corner of the border — were flashed to Secret Service bureaus in all parts of the country. Within weeks, they began to catch these same peculiarities in cities in Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan.

Frank J. Wilson, then chief of the Secret Service, began to worry about the gaunt guy; he was discussed daily in staff conferences.

"Almost four thousand dollars' worth has been passed in thirty days!" Wilson snapped. "In every case there is a report of the same type of individual — a gaunt man who looks like a professor. He's sly as a fox, but we've got to bag him!"

Despite the Secret Service's all-out alert, the operations of the gaunt guy continued year after year. Sometimes there would be no sign of activity for months. Then the maps would be dotted with new pin-points of activity.

From his pattern of operation, investigators drew two conclusions. First, that the gaunt guy was playing a lone hand, because his handiwork never turned up in underworld circles. Second, that the stores that were victimized were within walking distance of bus terminals, indicating his favorite mode of travel. And all the while he was passing some of the country's most deceptive counterfeit money.

The years went by . . . and still no sign of the gaunt guy. At least there was no trace of him by the time the law could be summoned.

Secret Service chiefs came and went. Chief Wilson retired in 1946 and was replaced by James J. Maloney. In 1948, Maloney became chief co-ordinator of Treasury Enforcement Agencies, and U. E. Baughman became Secret Service Chief. All three, veteran officials, agreed that the trail of the

elusive gaunt guy was the most discouraging they had ever tried to follow.

By 1950 the case was 12 years old, and the communities in which the gaunt guy had operated read like a Cook's tour . . . from Maine to California and from Florida to Washington, with plenty of stops in between.

A confidential warning issued that year described the passer as being 56 years old, five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, weighing about one hundred and thirty pounds, with a high receding forehead, a sallow complexion and a large scar on his neck above the collar line.

. . . . .

The latest circular had hardly been posted around the country when word was flashed from Detroit that one of the phony "fivers" had been passed at a branch post office in that city.

Once again Secret Service agents located a postal clerk with a memory for names and faces. Thumbing through a list of money order applications, while the agents held their breath, the clerk suddenly paused and nodded.

"Here is the party to whom the money order was addressed. It's a real estate company in Chicago."

Excited by this break, they rushed to the real estate firm in Chicago.

The manager there had good news.

"We received a money order in the mail this morning from one of our clients. His name is Herman Smith. He does all his business by mail. We never see him. But according to his credit statement he has a photographic studio." The realtor jotted down the client's address.

. . . . .

It was a tense pair of agents that set up watch in obscure spots along the opposite side of the street from the window which read: *Herman Smith—Photographs.*

For two days nothing happened. Could this be another wild goose chase?

On the third night, however, they observed a tall slender man, wearing a gray hat, gray tweed suit and gray herringbone topcoat coming out of the

front door. This gent surely had all the earmarks of the gaunt guy.

The next night they followed him to a movie and took seats in the row behind him. Later they trailed him to the public library where they observed him reading "A History of Ancient Egypt."

They studied this meek little man with the weak chin and the thin lips. Was it possible that this was the sinister fox who had stood the Secret Service on its ear for twelve years?

Next day he returned to his studio with a metal box. The government agents sensed that the time to strike was growing near. That night the lights burned late in the photographic studio. At daybreak they saw their suspect leave.

The Secret Service men rushed to the boiler room of the building. For several hours they waded through tons of rubbish in the garbage containers.

As they were about to give up, they discovered a classified advertising section of a Chicago paper that appeared to be soggy. On the inside of page 35 was a partial impression of an ink smear from the plate of a five-dollar bill.

Now they also discovered fragments of blotting-paper which, when pieced together, showed the outside dimensions of an engraved plate and contained a small green-ink impression of the border work on a five-dollar bill.

There was no longer a fragment of doubt that this was the gaunt guy!

Exactly on the stroke of 6 o'clock on the evening of March 21, 1950, a tired-looking, haunted man in his mid-fifties slunk into his photographic studio to find three Secret Service agents awaiting him. When he saw the tell-tale newspaper he put his wrists together and waited for the handcuffs to be snapped in place.

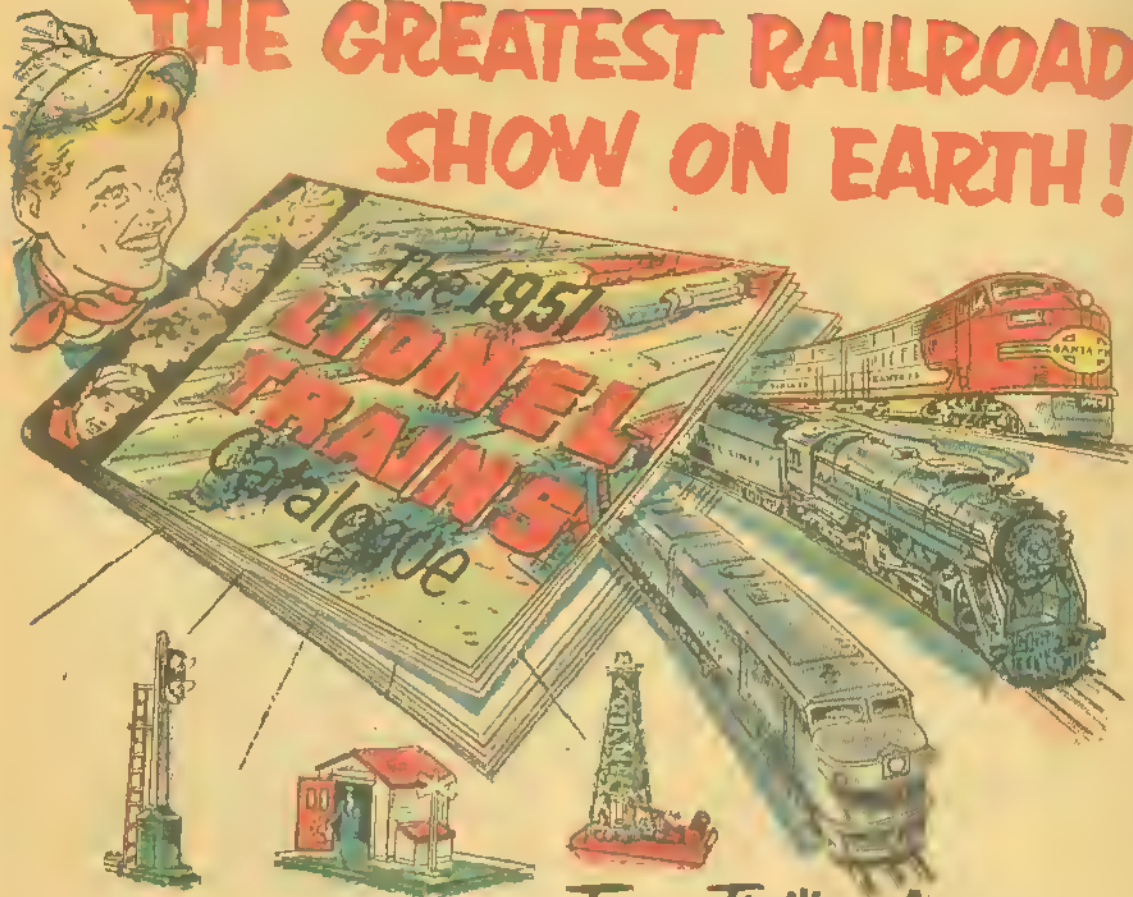
"Go ahead, run me in!" he sighed as they took him away. "I'm the loneliest man in the world. At least in the pen I'll have a cellmate to talk to."

Shortly afterward, Hugo Hedin, the gaunt guy, was sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary—proving again that even the cleverest of crooks get caught and must pay the penalty for their misdeeds.

THE END

Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

# THE GREATEST RAILROAD SHOW ON EARTH!



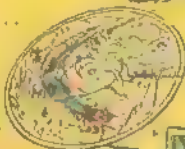
**Fun...Thrills...Action**  
see special coupon offer!

**SPECIAL COUPON OFFER**  
ALL FOR 25¢

See all the  
Lionel Trains  
and accessories  
in Catalogue



**HEAR Bells...**  
whistles...  
horns... on  
this railroad  
sound effects  
record.



**TEN  
FULL-  
COLOR  
BILLBOARDS**



This Christmas be one of the many lucky boys to get a set of realistic Lionel Trains. Here's how — start now by getting this thrilling, fun-filled 36-page Lionel catalogue in full color. It's complete with trains, accessories and track layout ideas. Show the trains you want to dad, ma... everybody. Send coupon for catalogue, plus a

3 1/2" double-faced phonograph record\* of steam train and Diesel sound effects. Plus 10 full-color realistic billboards. Do it now, see Lionel Trains — world's finest for over 50 years — in the catalogue, hear them in action on this wonderful record. Write for this big special offer now, or see catalogue at your dealer's.

*\*Play on all 78 RPM phonographs except some  
speed spindle or automatic changers.*

LIONEL TRAINS, Post Office Box 65,  
Madison Square Station, New York, N. Y.

Enclose 25¢. Please send me special Lionel Train catalogue offer, postage prepaid.

1. The new 36-page full-color Lionel catalogue.
2. The new 3 1/2" double-faced record of whistles, bells, railroad sound effects and diesel horns.
3. 10 full-color miniature billboards.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

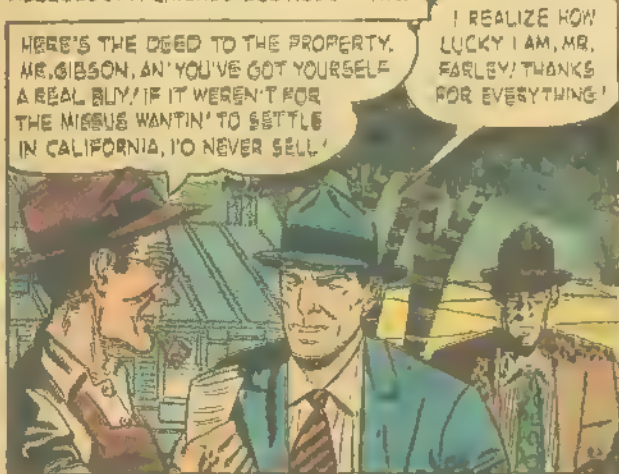
State \_\_\_\_\_

FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS, CRAFTY AND UNSCRUPULOUS MEN HAVE ATTEMPTED TO COUNTERFEIT OUR NATION'S CURRENCY. SECRET SERVICE RECORDS ARE FULL OF MANY THRILLING CASES, BUT THE MOST UNUSUAL OF ITS KIND IS THE DRAMATIC STORY OF...

# The **CASE** of the **FLOATING FISH**



ON THE AFTERNOON OF AUGUST 9, 1936, A FARMER OF CLARE COUNTY, MICHIGAN, CLOSED A DEAL WITH HENRY J. GIBSON, ALLEGEDLY A CHICAGO BUSINESS MAN...





THEM YOKELS GIVE ME  
A PAIN! ALL GAB AND  
NO SENSE!

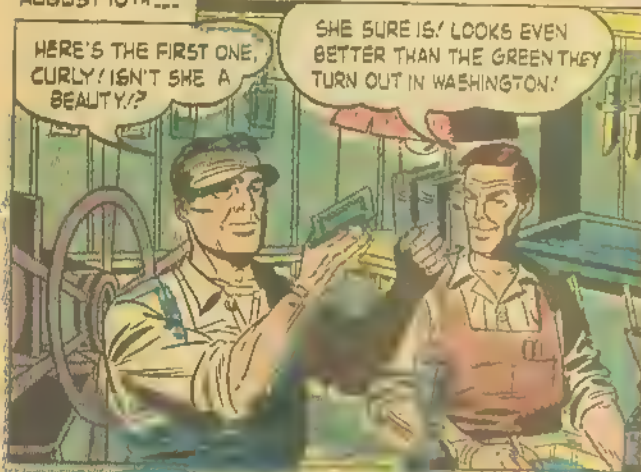
MAYBE SO, CURLY, ONLY WE'RE  
NOT TAKING CHANCES. THIS  
SPOT IS A PERFECT HIDE-OUT  
AND WE WANT TO KEEP IT  
THAT WAY!



YOU'LL HEAD BACK FOR CHICAGO  
RIGHT AWAY, AND BE BACK WITH  
THE EQUIPMENT BY TOMORROW  
NIGHT. I WANT TO GET GOING  
BY NEXT WEEK!

THAT'S OKAY  
BY ME! THE  
SOONER THE  
BETTER!

BEFORE A WEEK PASSED, ONE ROOM IN THE TINY FARMHOUSE HAD  
UNDERGONE A COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION AS THE COUNTER-  
FEITERS WENT ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS. THEN, ON THE NIGHT OF  
AUGUST 10TH...



HERE'S THE FIRST ONE,  
CURLY! ISN'T SHE A  
BEAUTY?!

SHE SURE IS! LOOKS EVEN  
BETTER THAN THE GREEN THEY  
TURN OUT IN WASHINGTON!

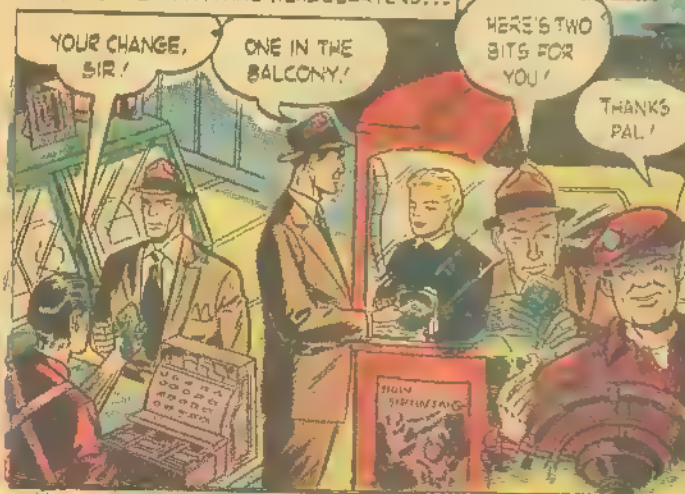


I'LL GO ALONG WITH THAT  
AFTER IT PASSES THE TEST!  
FOR A START, I'LL RUN OFF A  
HUNDRED OF THESE FIVES,  
YOU CAN BEGIN PASSING  
THEM THIS WEEK-END!

BETTER MAKE IT  
TWO-HUNDRED,  
GIBSON! THE  
SUCKERS'LL GRAB  
THESE BILLS  
LIKE HOT CAKES!

GIBSON WAS THE BRAINS OF THE OUTFIT, AND INSISTED THAT CURLY  
PASS THE BILLS IN DETROIT. IT WAS A "THROW OFF" MANEUVER TO  
CONCEAL THEIR PRINTING HEADQUARTERS...

AND WHEN CURLY RETURNED TWO DAYS LATER...

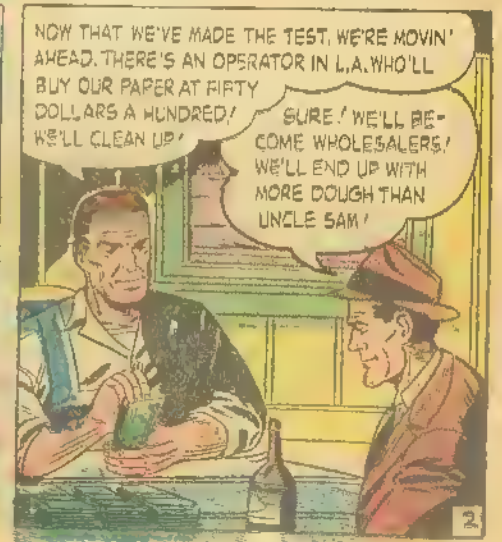


YOUR CHANGE,  
SIR!

ONE IN THE  
BALCONY!

HERE'S TWO  
BITS FOR  
YOU!

THANKS  
PAL!



NOW THAT WE'VE MADE THE TEST, WE'RE MOVIN'  
AHEAD. THERE'S AN OPERATOR IN L.A. WHO'LL  
BUY OUR PAPER AT FIFTY  
DOLLARS A HUNDRED!  
WE'LL CLEAN UP!

SURE! WE'LL BE-  
COME WHOLESALERS!  
WE'LL END UP WITH  
MORE DOUGH THAN  
UNCLE SAM!

DURING THE THREE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, THE TINY FARM-HOUSE IN CLARE COUNTY BECAME THE MAIN ARTERY FROM WHICH FLOWED THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN COUNTERFEIT MONEY. THEN, ONE AFTERNOON, IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF TIDEWATER...



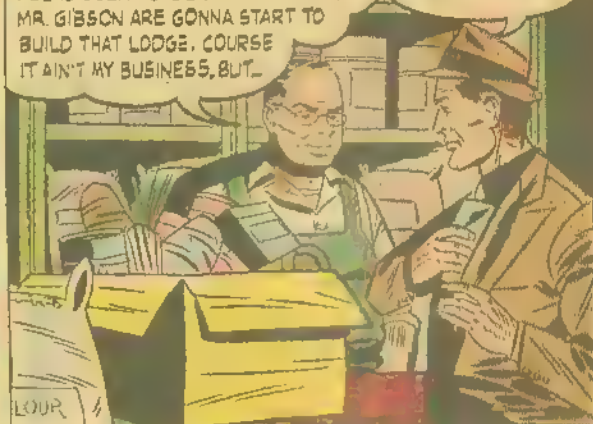
SNAP OUT OF IT, GRANDPA! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A BUCK SLEEPIN' ON THE JOB!

SAY, WHAT'S THE BIG— OH, IT'S YOU, MR. ADAMS. PLUMB NEAR SCARED ME TO DEATH!

AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, WHEN CURLY'S ORDER WAS FILLED...

HOPE YA DON'T THINK ME CURIOUS, MR. ADAMS, BUT SOME O'THE FOLKS BEEN WONDERIN' WHEN YOU AN' MR. GIBSON ARE GONNA START TO BUILD THAT LODGE. COURSE IT AIN'T MY BUSINESS, BUT...

THEN SHUT YER YAP AN' ADD UP THE GROCERIES!



I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO GET YOU RILED, MR. ADAMS. T'AT WILL BE \$4.25 EVEN!

STOP CRYIN' AN' TAKE IT OUTA THIS!

JUST FER THAT, THE YOKEL GETS PAID OFF WITH PHONY DOUGH!

TEN DAYS LATER, THE SAME BILL WAS IN THE HANDS OF A SECRET SERVICE AGENT IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



BOYS, I THINK WE'VE GOT A LEAD ON THOSE PHONY FIVES THAT'VE BEEN HITTING THE WEST COAST. EXCEPT THIS ONE TURNED UP IN A BANK IN CLARE COUNTY, MICHIGAN!

THAT'S A LONG WAY FROM L.A., CHIEF!



EXACTLY! THE FACT THAT THIS ONE TURNED UP IN AN ISOLATED SPOT, MIGHT MEAN SOMETHING! ANYWAY, I WANT YOU BOYS TO GO UP THERE AND LOOK THINGS OVER!

OKAY, BRAD! LET'S START PACKING!

TWO DAYS LATER, SPECIAL INVESTIGATORS, BRAD CORNING AND JEFF SWINSON, PRESENTED THEMSELVES TO SHERIFF PETER VAN NEISLER OF CLARE COUNTY...



HERE ARE OUR CREDENTIALS, SHERIFF. WE'RE HERE TO CHECK ON A COUNTERFEIT BILL THAT TURNED UP IN THIS DISTRICT!

LAND O' GOSHEN! SEEMS I'VE GOT NOTHIN' BUT TROUBLE LATELY!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE TWO MEN STOOD BY AS SHERIFF VAN NEISLER WADED INTO A STREAM...



THEN, TWO DAYS LATER, AT THE COUNTERFEITER'S HIDEOUT...





IN QUICK ORDER, SPECIAL AGENTS CORNING AND SWINSON HAD BOTH MEN HANDCUFFED...

ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE GOT US! HOW'D YOU CATCH UP WITH US SO FAST? THROUGH A DEAD TROUT, GIBSON! WE TOOK A LAB TEST OF THE CREEK WATER AND THE FISH AND FOUND TRACES OF ANILINE DYE IN BOTH! YOU MADE YOUR ONE BIG MISTAKE WHEN YOU DUMPED YOUR USED PRINTING SOLUTIONS INTO THE STREAM AND KILLED THE FISH!



ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS FOLLOW THE STREAM AND IT LED US RIGHT HERE!

IF THE GOVERNMENT DIDN'T HAVE THE FIRST CRACK ON YOU GUYS, I'D TAKE CARE O' YOU TROUT KILLERS MYSELF! NOW GET MOVIN'!



GIBSON AND CURLY ADAMS EACH RECEIVED FOURTEEN YEAR PRISON SENTENCES AT HARD LABOR! CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT EVEN THE SMARTEST FISH GET HOOKED WHEN THEY TANGLE WITH THE SECRET SERVICE!

THE END

You'll Gasp When You Read-See

ISSUE NO. 2  
NOW ON SALE!

# WEIRD

## Thrillers

### THE CYCLE OF TIME

Fred McCann traveled into the past—to plunder and rob with modern weapons! How could his sinister career be halted?

What is the mystery of the ancient  
cave? Why did the old man die?  
Who did he kill? What was the  
secret? What was the truth?  
What was the truth?

### THE FISHERMAN OF WAGO

And Other Thrill-Packed  
Tales of the Occult!

MURDERER'S MASK!

THE LAST MAN!

PLUS  
SPECIAL FEATURES

WHOLESOME READING  
FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY



ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE—10¢  
12 issues for \$1.20

366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

# LITTLE AL

## OF THE SECRET SERVICE



FIGHTING DESPERATELY TO SMASH A GANG OF TRAITORS SMUGGLING DEFENSE MATERIALS OUT OF THE COUNTRY TO ENEMY NATIONS, LITTLE AL CONWAY, MIGHTY MITE OF THE SECRET SERVICE, FOLLOWS A TWISTED, VIOLENCE-STREWN TRAIL BEFORE HE CORNERS HIS QUARRY HIGH ABOVE NEW YORK STREETS IN "OPERATION EMPIRE STATE!"

**A** DARK NIGHT NEAR A DOCK IN A LONELY COVE ON THE JERSEY COAST...

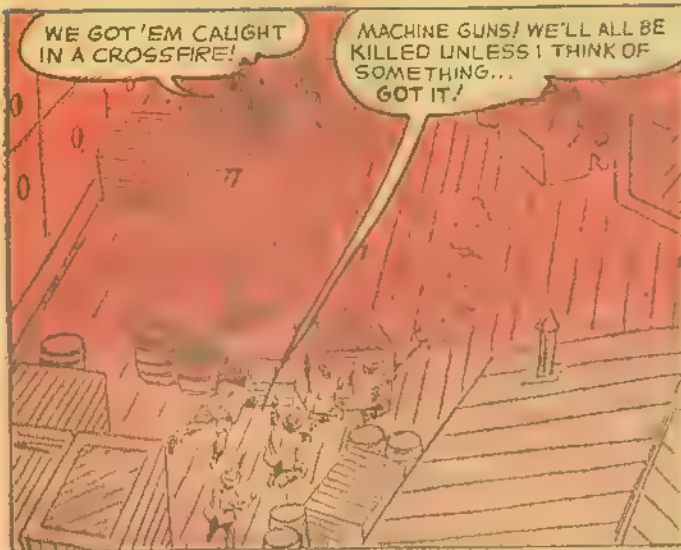
WE'VE GOT THEM REO-HANDED! THOSE CRATES ARE LOADED WITH TUNGSTEN ORE... AND THAT SHIP IS HEADED BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN! LET'S MOVE IN!



HERE THEY COME! GOOD THING WE WERE WARNED ABOUT THE SECRET SERVICE! THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON US! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

DOWN! IT'S AN AMBUSH!





WE GOT 'EM CAUGHT  
IN A CROSSFIRE!

MACHINE GUNS! WE'LL ALL BE  
KILLED UNLESS I THINK OF  
SOMETHING...  
GOT IT!



THE REST OF YOU MEN, TAKE OFF!  
I'M GOING TO DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION!  
MOVE FAST AND KEEP LOW!



WE GIVE  
UP!

STOP  
SHOOTING!

DON'T  
KILL  
US!

COME ON,  
AL! GET OUT  
WHILE YOU CAN!



WHEW, IT'S LUCKY I CAN CHANGE  
MY VOICE TO SOUND LIKE THREE OR  
FOUR DIFFERENT PEOPLE!... GAVE  
THE GUYS A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

AWRIGHT!  
THROW DOWN  
YOUR  
ARTILLERY!



OKAY, YOUSE  
GUYS, HE FOOLED  
US! THE REST  
OF 'EM ESCAPED!

A VENTRILO-  
QUIST. EH? LEMME  
AT HIM! I'LL  
MAKE A  
DUMMY OUT  
OF 'IM!



AW, NUTS!  
THIS GUY  
AIN'T  
EVEN  
FULL SIZE!

THE BOSS WILL MURDER  
US! THE WHOLE SETUP  
IS RUINED! WE GOT TO  
GET UNDERWAY  
BEFORE THIS GUY'S  
SECRET SERVICE  
PALS COME BACK  
WITH REINFORCEMENTS!



TAKE THAT, YA PUNY SNOOP!  
WE'LL FEED YA TO THE WHALES  
WHEN WE GET OUT TO SEA!

UNHHH!

ONE HOUR AND A ROARING HEADACHE LATER.

OH! WHAT A HEAD! WHERE... HMM, I REMEMBER! AND FROM THE ROLL OF THIS BOAT I'D SAY WE'RE OUT IN THE OPEN SEA!

SO HE'S COME TO! THE SOONER WE DUMP HIM OVERBOARD THE BETTER!

HA! THE BOSSES DAME IS A PRETTY ROUGH BABY! LET'S GET THE BLOCK AND TACKLE READY.

OH W!



SH! I HAD TO KICK YOU TO KEEP FROM AROUSING THEIR SUSPICIONS! HERE, I'M PUTTING THIS GLASS VIAL IN YOUR POCKET. THERE'S A SLIP OF PAPER INSIDE WITH MY NAME AND ADDRESS ON IT!

OH, GREAT! JUST WHAT I NEED! I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I GET TIRED OF TALKING TO THE FISH!

SH! I'LL CUT THE ROPE ON YOUR WRISTS! YOU TAKE THE KNIFE THEN, BUT KEEP HIDDEN! MAYBE YOU CAN SAVE YOURSELF!

ULDD! WHAT'S THE GAME?

THEY'RE GOING TO HEAVE YOU OVERBOARD WITH A BLOCK OF CONCRETE TIED TO YOUR FEET...

SH! - HERE THEY COME!

THANKS, HONEY. I'LL BE SEEIN' YOU I HOPE!



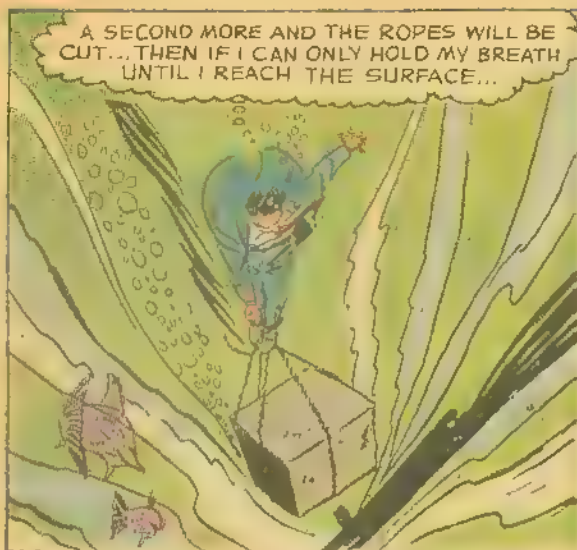
HEY, MAYBE THAT HUNK OF CONCRETE WILL STRETCH HIM OUT MAN SIZE!

LEMME OUT OF THIS AND I'LL SHOW YOU JUST HOW MANSIZED I AM! I'LL TEAR YOU IN TWO!



HA-HA! THERE HE GOES! SO LONG, SHORTY!





A SECOND MORE AND THE ROPES WILL BE CUT... THEN IF I CAN ONLY HOLD MY BREATH UNTIL I REACH THE SURFACE...

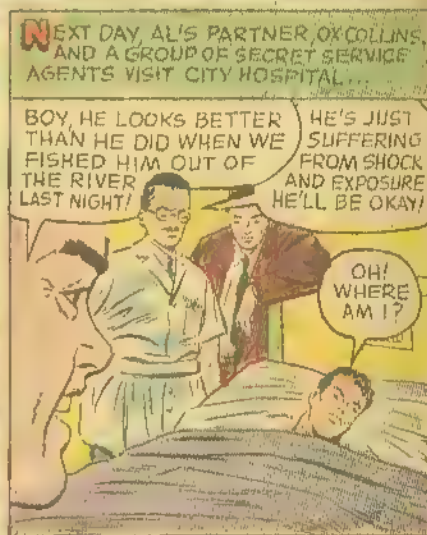


GASP! AIR! I-I-MADE IT! WH...WHAT'S THAT? A LOG!



I... AGGH! MY HEAD

CRACK!

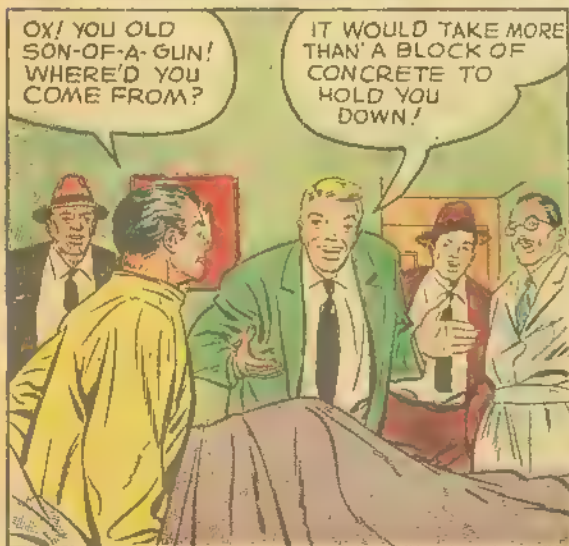


NEXT DAY, AL'S PARTNER, OX COLLINS, AND A GROUP OF SECRET SERVICE AGENTS VISIT CITY HOSPITAL...

BOY, HE LOOKS BETTER THAN HE DID WHEN WE FISHED HIM OUT OF THE RIVER LAST NIGHT!

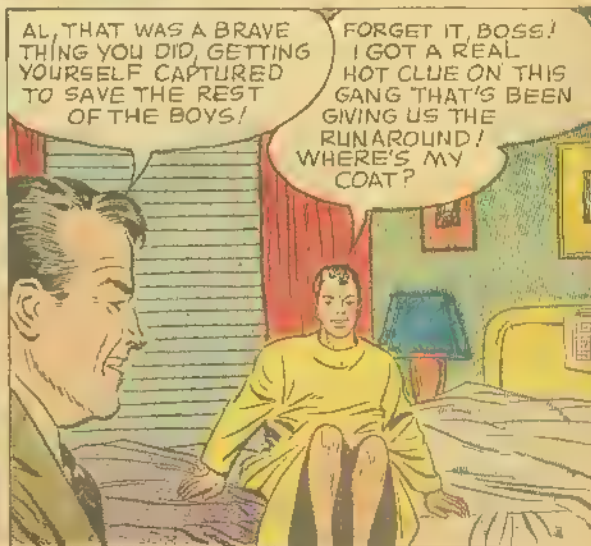
HE'S JUST SUFFERING FROM SHOCK AND EXPOSURE HE'LL BE OKAY!

OH! WHERE AM I?



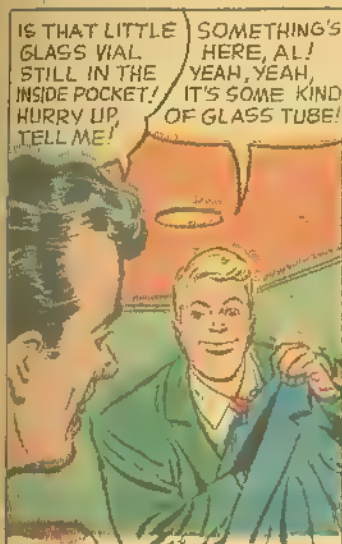
OX! YOU OLD SON-OF-A-GUN! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN A BLOCK OF CONCRETE TO HOLD YOU DOWN!



AL, THAT WAS A BRAVE THING YOU DID, GETTING YOURSELF CAPTURED TO SAVE THE REST OF THE BOYS!

FORGET IT, BOSS! I GOT A REAL HOT CLUE ON THIS GANG THAT'S BEEN GIVING US THE RUNAROUND! WHERE'S MY COAT?

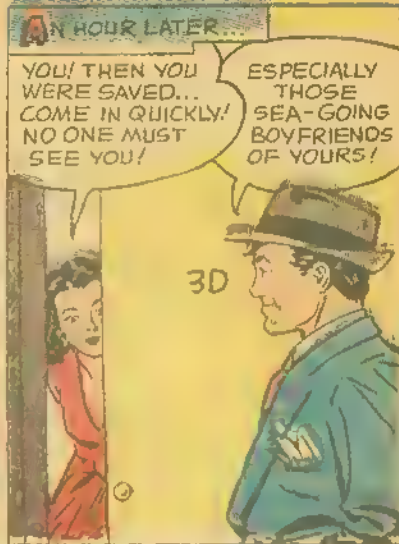


IS THAT LITTLE GLASS VIAL STILL IN THE INSIDE POCKET? HURRY UP, TELL ME!

SOMETHING'S HERE, AL! YEAH, YEAH, IT'S SOME KIND OF GLASS TUBE!



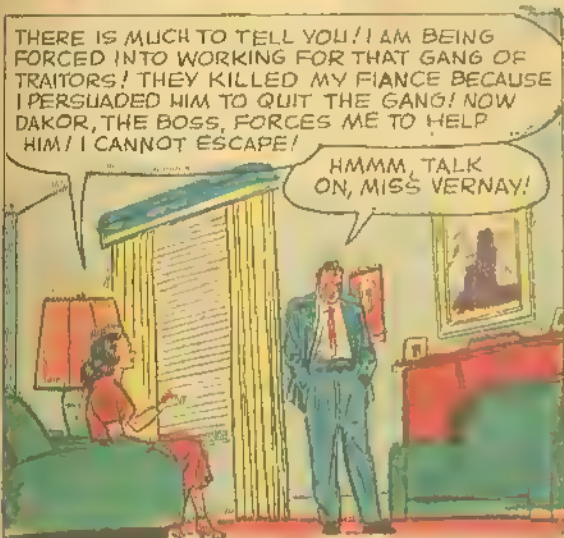
"COME TO APARTMENT 3-D 2471 SCOTT PLACE, ALONE. I CAN HELP YOU. RITA VERNAY." WHERE'S MY CLOTHES? NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE!



AN HOUR LATER...

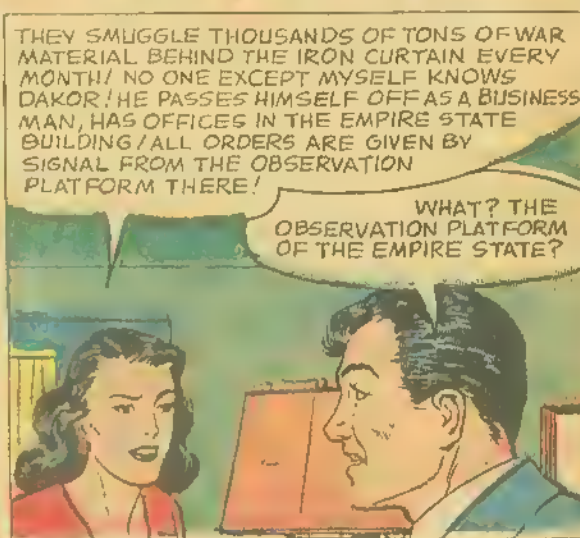
YOU! THEN YOU WERE SAVED... COME IN QUICKLY! NO ONE MUST SEE YOU!

ESPECIALLY THOSE SEA-GOING BOYFRIENDS OF YOURS!



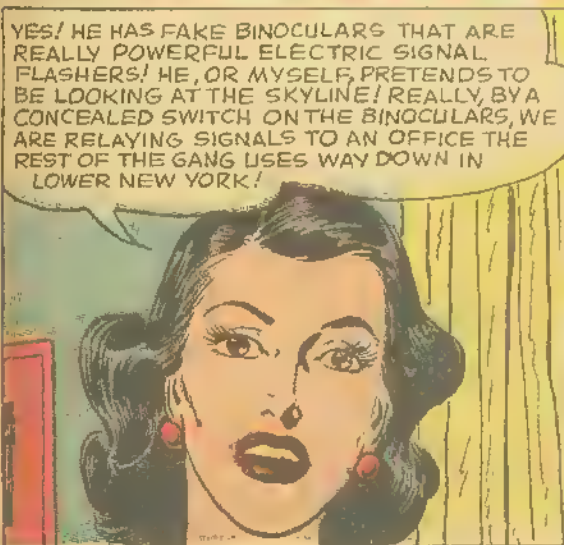
THERE IS MUCH TO TELL YOU! I AM BEING FORCED INTO WORKING FOR THAT GANG OF TRAITORS! THEY KILLED MY FIANCE BECAUSE I PERSUADED HIM TO QUIT THE GANG! NOW DAKOR, THE BOSS, FORCES ME TO HELP HIM! I CANNOT ESCAPE!

HMMM, TALK ON, MISS VERNAY!

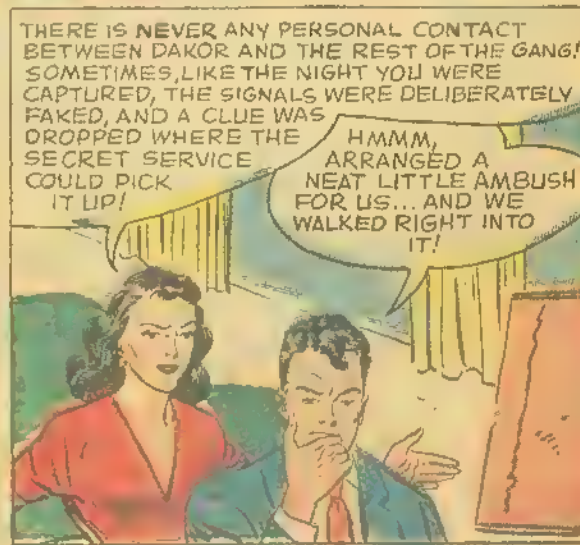


THEY SMUGGLE THOUSANDS OF TONS OF WAR MATERIAL BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN EVERY MONTH! NO ONE EXCEPT MYSELF KNOWS DAKOR! HE PASSES HIMSELF OFF AS A BUSINESS MAN, HAS OFFICES IN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING! ALL ORDERS ARE GIVEN BY SIGNAL FROM THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM THERE!

WHAT? THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM OF THE EMPIRE STATE?



YES! HE HAS FAKE BINOCULARS THAT ARE REALLY POWERFUL ELECTRIC SIGNAL FLASHERS! HE, OR MYSELF, PRETENDS TO BE LOOKING AT THE SKYLINE! REALLY, BY A CONCEALED SWITCH ON THE BINOCULARS, WE ARE RELAYING SIGNALS TO AN OFFICE THE REST OF THE GANG USES WAY DOWN IN LOWER NEW YORK!



THERE IS NEVER ANY PERSONAL CONTACT BETWEEN DAKOR AND THE REST OF THE GANG! SOMETIMES, LIKE THE NIGHT YOU WERE CAPTURED, THE SIGNALS WERE DELIBERATELY FAKED, AND A CLUE WAS DROPPED WHERE THE SECRET SERVICE COULD PICK IT UP!

HMMM, ARRANGED A NEAT LITTLE AMBUSH FOR US... AND WE WALKED RIGHT INTO IT!

DAKOR KEEPS IRREGULAR HOURS AT HIS OFFICE TO PREVENT ANYONE FROM LAYING PLANS TO CAPTURE HIM! I HAVE A PLAN, THOUGH! IF YOU CAN GET AN OFFICE NEAR THE EMPIRE STATE, I WILL SIGNAL YOU WHEN HE IS IN THE OFFICE! PLEASE, PLEASE HELP ME! I'M GOING CRAZY!

I'LL HELP YOU ALL RIGHT! THIS DAKOR HAS GOT ME GOING CRAZY, TOO! I'LL CONTACT YOU AS SOON AS I'VE GOT EVERYTHING SET UP!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER IN AN OFFICE BUILDING NEAR THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...

RITA GOT MY MESSAGE, I KNOW! I WONDER IF DAKOR GOT WISE! IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS NOW AND NOT A SIGNAL FROM THE TOWER!



THAT'S IT! THREE QUICK FLASHES! DAKOR IS IN HIS OFFICE AND SHE'LL WAIT ON THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM FOR ME!



TWO BLOCKS OVER AND A THOUSAND FEET STRAIGHT UP! FEET BE FAST OR DAKOR'S LIABLE TO WONDER WHY RITA'S TAKING SO LONG!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT IN AN OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...

SO, MY AGENTS IN THE WEST HAVE AN ADDITIONAL SHIPMENT OF PLUTONIUM ON THE WAY! AGENT L MUST KNOW AT ONCE! I WILL GO UP TO THE OBSERVATION TOWER AND HAVE RITA SEND THE SIGNAL!



MINUTES LATER ON THE OBSERVATION TOWER...

WHAT'S THIS? SHE IS LOOKING UPTOWN! OUR HEADQUARTERS ARE DOWNTOWN!

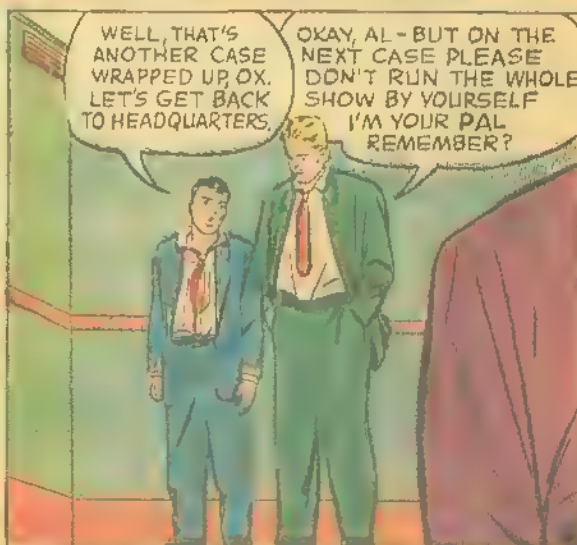
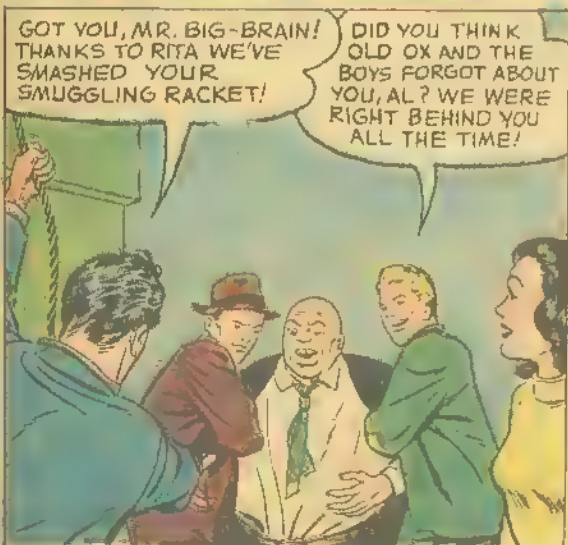
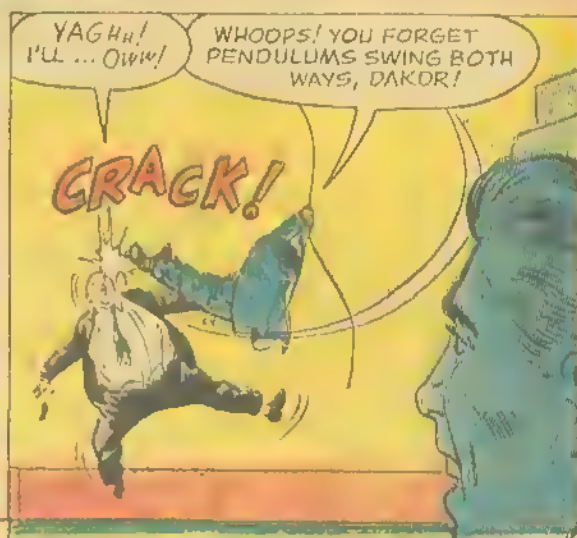
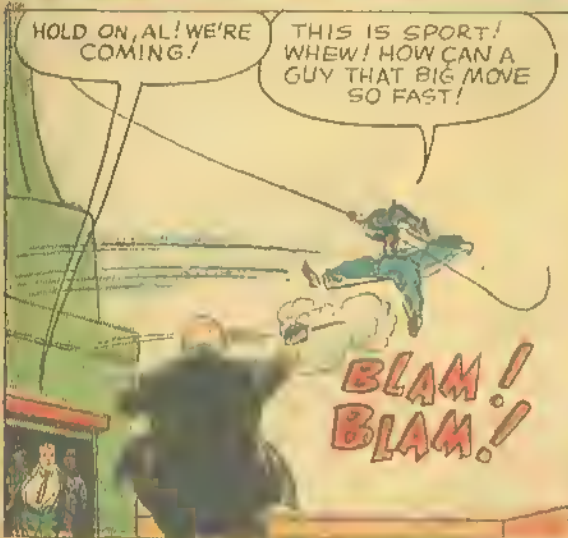
JUST IN CASE AL DIDN'T GET THE SIGNAL THE FIRST TIME, I'LL FLASH IT AGAIN!



SO! EXPLAIN THIS! TRAITOR, SPY! WHO WERE YOU SIGNALING?

ULPP! LET GO! DAKOR ... I... I...







# 36-PIECE ELECTRIC WORK KIT

1001 Uses for Home, Workshop, Farm and Factory



SPECIAL ALLOY STEEL  
PRECISION BUILT 3-JAW CHUCK  
HITS ALL SIZES UP TO 1/2-INCH

Never Before Never Again  
a Value Like This

Everything  
You Need  
for only

**\$14.95**  
COMPLETE

STEEL BENCH STAND INCLUDED  
USE AS BENCH OR HAND TOOL

SWITCH  
ON AND OFF  
SILENT

HEAVY GAUGE STEEL CASE  
WITH FULL LENGTH PIANO  
TYPE TAPER HONG  
RIGID REMOVABLE TAPER



YOU'LL FIND 1001 WAYS TO USE THESE MANY ACCESSORIES FOR

• BUFFING • CLEANING • DRILLING • RUST REMOVING • GRINDING • POLISHING  
• RUBBING • WIRE BRUSHING • SANDING • WAXING • SHARPENING • MIXING PAINT

## POLISHES



**SANDS**



**SHARPENS**



## DRILLS



**MIXES**



## BRUSHES



**BUFFS**



A HANDY KIT FOR  
SO MANY USEFUL JOBS

Try For 10 Days In Your Own Home  
On Our No-Risk Examination Offer!

See for yourself how FAST and EASY  
this AMAZING ELECTRIC WORK KIT  
enables you to do those tough jobs

## SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

This is the 1st time this 36-piece Electric Work Kit has  
ever been offered by us for the LOW PRICE of only  
\$14.95. You must be entirely satisfied and agree it is the  
greatest value we represent it to be or you can return the  
kit within 10 days for full refund.

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, 1227 Loyola, Chicago 26, ILL.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail This "No-Risk" Coupon Today!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9835  
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the 36-Piece Electric Work Kit, complete as shown, C.O.D. at your special LOW PRICE of only \$14.95 plus C.O.D. postage charges. I must be delighted in every way or I can return Kit within 10 days for full refund.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN  STATE

Here's the opportunity of a lifetime for you to own the kind of Electric Drill Work Kit you've always wanted—at a price many dollars below what you might ordinarily expect to pay for such a quality outfit. You'll be delighted with the way this miracle Electric Work Kit of a 1001 uses performs. You'll be amazed to see how quickly its accessory pieces enable you to automatically complete one job after another—with the greatest of ease and skill. No man can afford to be without this many purpose Electric Drill Kit. Yet even housewives will find it invaluable for polishing, buffing and sharpening hundreds of household items. This marvelous new work-saver is precision built throughout of sturdiest materials—is fully covered with a written guarantee and is Underwriters Laboratories approved. Complete, easy-to-follow instructions are included with every kit.

**HURRY! Get Yours While Supply Lasts!**

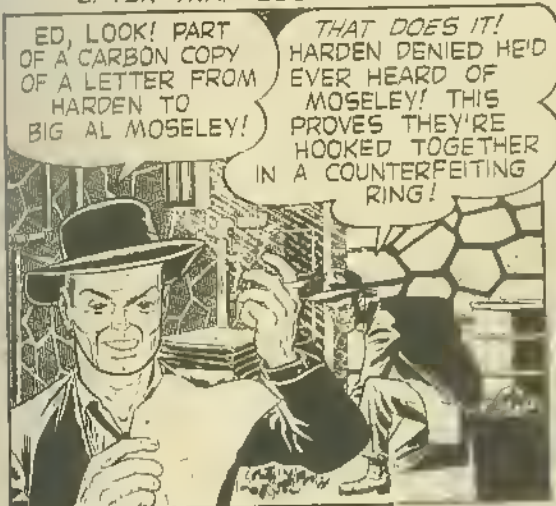
These Kits will go fast on this Bargain Offer so  
RUSH YOUR ORDER on the Handy Coupon Today!

# SECRET SERVICE SECRETS

**HOW DOES THE SECRET SERVICE GET ITS EVIDENCE AGAINST THE WILY CROOKS IT HAS TO COMBAT? HERE ARE SOME OF ITS METHODS!**

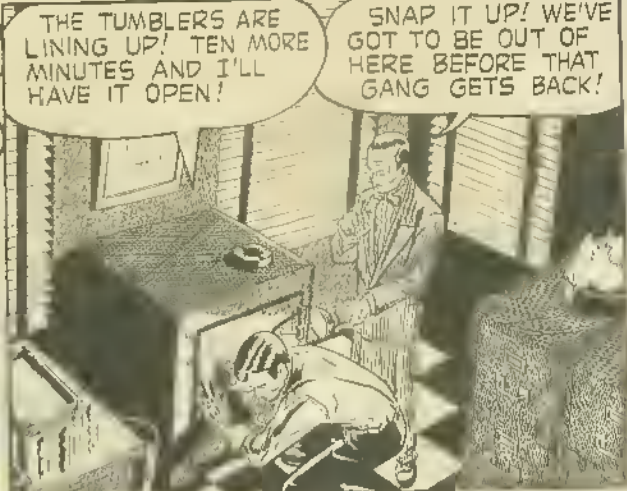
**THE CONTENTS OF OFFICE WASTE BASKETS OFTEN TRAP SUSPECTS.**

**EXPERT SAFE-CRACKERS ARE INCLUDED IN SECRET SERVICE PERSONNEL.**



ED, LOOK! PART OF A CARBON COPY OF A LETTER FROM HARDEN TO BIG AL MOSELEY!

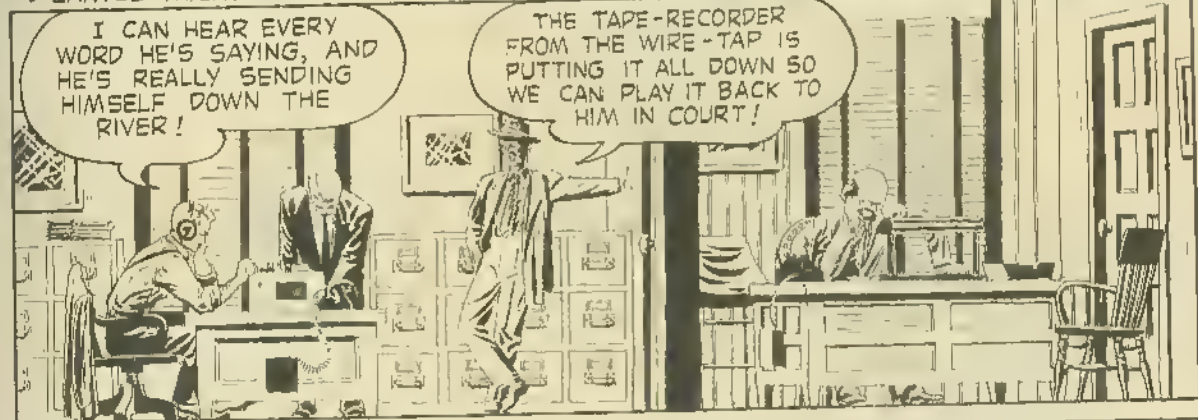
THAT DOES IT! HARDEN DENIED HE'D EVER HEARD OF MOSELEY! THIS PROVES THEY'RE HOOKED TOGETHER IN A COUNTERFEITING RING!



THE TUMBLERS ARE LINING UP! TEN MORE MINUTES AND I'LL HAVE IT OPEN!

SNAP IT UP! WE'VE GOT TO BE OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT GANG GETS BACK!

**PLANTED MICROPHONES AND WIRE-TAPS ENTRAP THE MOST CAREFUL CRIMINALS...**



I CAN HEAR EVERY WORD HE'S SAYING, AND HE'S REALLY SENDING HIMSELF DOWN THE RIVER!

THE TAPE-RECORDER FROM THE WIRE-TAP IS PUTTING IT ALL DOWN SO WE CAN PLAY IT BACK TO HIM IN COURT!

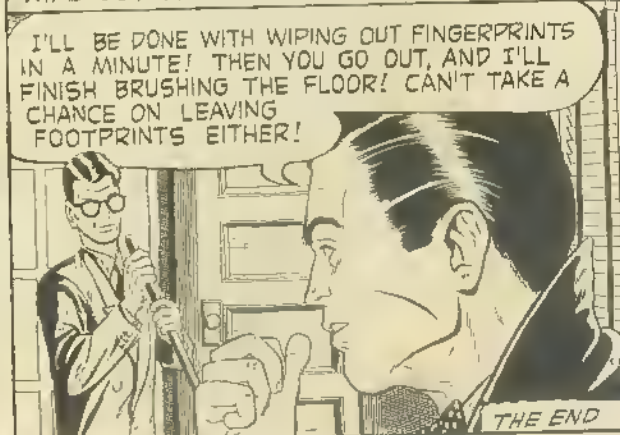
**LANGUAGE EXPERTS TO TRANSLATE SUSPECTED DOCUMENTS ON THE SPOT ARE ALSO A VITAL PART OF SECRET SERVICE SEARCH TEAMS.**

**SUSPECTS NEVER KNOW THE SECRET SERVICE MEN HAVE ENTERED THEIR PREMISES BECAUSE ONE HIGHLY-TRAINED AGENT IS DETAILED TO WIPE OUT ALL MARKS OF THE ENTRY...**



HENRI, CAN YOU TRANSLATE THIS STUFF IN GREEK RIGHT AWAY?

PUT THEM DOWN SIR! I'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS HUNGARIAN JOB FIRST!



I'LL BE DONE WITH WIPING OUT FINGERPRINTS IN A MINUTE! THEN YOU GO OUT, AND I'LL FINISH BRUSHING THE FLOOR! CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON LEAVING FOOTPRINTS EITHER!

THE END

